DOWN SOUTH .-- IN GEORGIA.

By PAUL BOURGET.

The author begs the readers to look upon this narrative as a "short story," all the facts in which are true, but in which the author, for personal reasons, has been obliged to make several alterations.-P. B.

a rendezvous in order to pay this very visit. I was to take lunch with him. and we were to go to the school in company with his daughter, an in- he had dismissed for robbery, is in genious invention perfected by him permitting her to be transported from her couch into a carriage. He told me all that we would do during the afternoon, as he reconducted me toward my carriage through his park. We took a different road from that by which I had arrived, and as we passed before a little inclosure full of trees, and surrounded by low walls he said:

"Look there; that is the cemetery where all the Chastins have been interred for one hundred and fifty years. Would you like to see their tombs? These corners are the remains of that old America which travelers forget so often in their studies of the new."

We therefore entered the cemetery. The luxuriant meridional vegetation made an immense basket of flowers of these thirty square yards at this moment. Wild jasmine, hawthorn, honeysuckle, the narcissus grew there in most glorious disorder. Glycins climbed up the trees and yellow roses, those miniature roses that are called bankshires, grew in large tufts among the black cypresses. A number of stones appeared all eaten away by decay in and of perfume.

I parted the fresh branches and the *weet flowers in order to decipher some of the epitaphs. The latest of the stones, put there without doubt by the care of Mr. Scott, was decorated with a carved sabre. I read the inscription on it and saw that it was the tomb of the last of the Chastins, and that this last heir of the name was once also a colonel, but in the confederate army. Just at one side and upon another tomb, which was disappearing under the vegetation, I could distinguish the date 1738 and the words "New Orleans." I at once understood that the successor of the vanished masters had had the pious idea of placing in their last repose, side by side, the founder of the demesne and his descendant.

The humanity contained in this inclosure pierced the heart. The race which slept there in its entirety had once been all powerful, and no one now remained to pay it homage except the generous enemy who possessed its property, and the spring which showered its splendors on the melancholy refuge with that peaceable indifference of nature one hates so much when one is young, and that one loves as age begins to creep on. To feel how little we are enables us to receive the inevitable defeat with a tranquil soul. Although as an active man, and one who has been through the war, the Colonel perhaps did not feel the same sert of emotion as I myself, this little mortuary oasis, which the murmur of bees filled with music at that luminous hour, did not leave him indifferent. He became as silent as myself, and it was only when we had left the place again that he recovered his spirit and said:

"You noticed that the cemetery is still cared for? It is one of their old slaves that has undertaken the duty. They call her Aunt Sarah. You will see her at our school. She looks after the children. Her fidelity is a tribute to the Chastins and it makes that place dearer to me. Naturally there is some pleasure in the though, that one occupies a house in which have lived none but noble people for four or five generations. It is as though one thought there were no unfortunates around. As a matter of fact there are none. I repeat, when you go to the school you shall visit a few of the cabins. You will see the contented physiognomy of those people. A little salt pork and | idea that it is not safe in Georgia." some fruit, and there they are as comfortable as though they had all the millions of all the cottagers of Newport. However, here is your carriage." My little carriage, in fact, awaited me almost at the door of the cemetery. I recognized in this deficate, hospitable attention the graceful foresight of the invalid. The Colonel gave a few instructions to the coachman, and then said to me, "On Tuesday at 1 o'clock." as he shook my hand. I had to repress the temptation to reply to him, "Tuesday? What a long time," so great was | tragic history as this of the jail-breakmy desire to see him again quickly. ing bandit. I passed the evening fol-The originality of his character, the nobility of his daughter's face, the picturesque character of their residence had inspired in me one of those sudden interests that professional novelists probably are the only ones to feel. It is like the bewitching of one's imagination, which gives rise to a passionate desire to know all about some one, to respire the same air, to live the same life, to think the same thoughts. While I was trave ig toward Philippeville along the sandy roads I hardly noticed the magnificence of the scenery, so absorbed was I by my reflections upon these two persons, who were unknown to me a few hours before. I admired the Puritanical ardor which had distinguished their ancestors and which still burned in them like an inextinguishable flame. I discovered in their fervor of proselytism the atavism of the Mayflower's passengers. I was astonished at the race preju-

dices, which, notwithstanding this missionary zeal, made them regard as pollution the marriage of one of their race with the best of their black proteges. I thought of the wealth of this man's nature, a man whom five or six trades and sixty years of work had not exhausted; of the sadness of his child's destiny; of the oddities of this country, even; of the astonishing apparition, for example, of Mr. Scott ousily engaged in wrenching out the fangs of a chloroformed serpent. In fact, fifty ideas revolving in my mind rendered me destrous of seeing again as soon as possible the man whom I had met to-day. I did not know that I should see him on Tuesday under very different circumstances, and very far from the family lunch presided over by Miss Ruth, nor that I should take part in his company in a stranger battue than would have been for a Parisian writer even a rattlesnake hunt

It was on Friday that I paid my visit to the Colonel. During the following three days there fell in Philippeville one of those rains which in hot countries seem to fill the atmosphere with muggy vapors rather than to refresh it. Imprisoned in the hotel, I had no other distraction than to regard the water falling in inexhaustible cataracts and to talk with the hotel keeper. I had been mischievous enough to tell him of my visit to the Colonel and of my encounter with one of those formidable reptiles of which, I believe, he would have obstinately denied the existence. even if he had seen one lift its head right in the middle of his tennis court.

"Oh, those niggers must have gone into Florida for it," replied Mr. Williams without hesitation. "They have a perfect mania for catching them alive in order to sell them to some zoological garden." He said a zoo by way of abbreviation. "Mr. Scott, who is a fine fellow, ought not to render them such services. He only encourages them,

When I left the Colonel we had fixed | been too good to the colored people. He has been badly rewarded several times for his kindness. Did he tell you that at this moment a certain Henry Seymour, one of his old servants, whom Philippeville prison after having ravaged the entire country? He took refuge in the woods after a murder and stayed

there with his Winchester. "He was such a good shot that he terrified all the other negroes, and the cowards furnished him with food, with brandy and with cartridges. Finally he was taken. A false friend mixed some opium in his whisky and delivered him up. He was tried and condemned to death. Would you believe it, Mr. Scott was indignant at the idea that the man had been captured by such means, and managed to obtain a postponement of the execution. He even went to Atlanta to obtain a reprieve. He was not successful, and on Thursday this rascal will be hanged."

"But the Colonel must have had other reasons to give apart from this treach-

"Oh, of course, he pretended that Seymour had been made a convict while he was still young. You have seen those men in white and brown costumes who work on our roads with chains at their feet. Those are our convicts. And this youth has gone through that work. I remember him well. It is true he was only seventeen years of age, but why had he already committed two robberies without counting that for which Mr. Scott discharged him, although he would not have him arrested?"

"Only seventeen years," I replied. "It's very young all the same. At that age one is very impressionable and such this garden of youth, of springtime company is not calculated to improve a character that has gone wrong." "Well," answered Mr. Williams, "there

are many who remain in the chain gang for a year or two years and even then commence their life afresh. When a man has paid his debt we Americans regard it as really paid. This Seymour could have paid his in work. If he preferred to carry on in a way that he would have to pay it by hanging, why, all right. By the way, would it not interest you to be present at the execution. In Georgia we have not adopted electricity. We just stick to hanging. You can compare it with France, for there you have the guillotine, have you

"I have never seen it work," I replied, "and I doubt whether I have sufficient moral courage to see a man harged without having to leave the spot." "In any case, I will get you a ticket from the sheriff," said the hotel keeper, "and you can use it or not, just as you

He kept his word, and two days later -that is, on the Monday-he announced to me that I should have the ticket. But upon the evening of the same day he approached me afresh in the hall of the hotel wearing the anxious visage of a good citizen who has learned some bad news, and of a hotel keeper who foresees some unpleasant occurrences for his guests, and said to me:

"What do you think? Have you heard the news? The ticket that the sheriff has given us is no good. That damned rascal Seymour is not going to be executed."

demanded.

"Has Mr. Scott obtained his reprieve?"

"No; the man has escaped. They left him too much freedom in his cell. He received too many visits. Some one passed him a knife, and this afternoon when the jailer took him his food he took advantage of the moment the man stooped to put the tray on the floor and planted the knife right between his shoulders. The jailer fell dead at once. Seymour took his revolver from him and his keys, freed seven negroes or mulattoes, prisoners like himself, but for slight offenses, and the eight wretches escaped by the back door of the prison which faces the country. They had the good luck to escape without being seen by any one, so that their flight was only known two hours later. By this time they are in the woods, and there can be no traces of them on the roads after the heavy rains. Heaven knows when they will be retaken. Now was I not right in saying that the Colonel was too easy with those people? If he had not demanded a postponement Seymour would have been hanged last week, the jailer would still be living and I should not be afraid of losing my clients. A family ought to arrive here next week, but if they read in the papers about this adventure they will be afraid and go to St. Augustine. They will get the

I was already so accustomed to the newspapers which Mr. Williams dreaded and to their extraordinary recitals of daily happenings to feel very much astonishment at this change of plans, of which he spoke. Apart from the larger cities, America still continues to be the country where the most daring exploits are executed with an audacity that does not recoil before any danger. On the other hand, I had not expected to find myself, I, a peaceable Gallo-Roman literary man, taking part in such a lowing Mr. Williams's revelations in wondering how I could bring the Colonel to speak to me of his old servant during our luncheon on the following day I had divined from a few words the hotel keeper had let drop that the philanthropic owner of Scott's place was very sensitive on this particular point. As things turned out the Colonel himself spared me the trouble, for on the Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock his card was brought up with a message. He was down stairs and wished to speak to me. I found him there, wearing his hunting costume, as on the first occasion that I had seen him, his legs thrust into stout leather gaiters, and with enormously thick-soled shoes. He was carrying a rifle in his hand.

"I came to beg you to excuse me," he said, without any preamble, "and to ask you to put off our luncheon to another day. I dare say you are aware that several prisoners have escaped from the public dungeon, and among them one who was condemned to death-in fact, a man who was formerly one of my servants."

"I have heard of it," I replied, "and also that you had formerly been very good to the wretched creature." "That is not true," he responded; "but in any case it is of no account. The important thing just at present is to recapture them in order that they cannot begin to terrorize the country. We telegraphed immediately on their escape to Atlanta for some bloodhounds, dogs specially trained for man hunting. I have collected about ten of the citizens for the work, and I have brought you a horse, so that if you choose to come with us-"

"Why not?" I replied after a few minutes' hesitation. "At least so long as there is no-"

"You are afraid of some lynching scene?" interrupted the Colonel, who had read the fear in my eyes. "Make yourself easy on that point, for while I am present they would not dare. Have you your gun?" and, upon receiving a negative response, he added: "However, you will not need it. You don't belong to the country, and you will naturally only be with us as a spectator. Besides, there is only one of them armed, this very Seymour, and he has only a No. 48 Colt. If he had his Winchester I wouldn't take you along, for he would never allow himself to be taken without

bringing down five or six of us." Twenty minutes later, and without any further preparation, I was following the Colonel along one of the roads which traverse the immense forests of pitch pines planted around Philippeville. My horse, a Kentucky animal, was trained to go at that gallop the Americans call "single foot," a kind of swift trot that covers the ground very rapidly, and which I have never that any without even taking into account that I where else. As I learned afterward, our the serpes s might awake during the little party was composed of simple

they were all dressed just as though at their counters, but they all had a singular, energetic physiognomy and dis-played a not less singular skill in man-

aging their steeds. It was very evident that they had all at one time been occupied in some trade which had not been without its cares and worries before coming to establish themselves in this lost corner of Georgia as grocer or as saddler, as dealer in costumes or as undertaker. With the exception of the Colonel and I the whole caravan was chewing tobacco. I could see the regular motion of the jaws and the barrels of the rifles-each of them carried one-shining quite close to the faces, stirred with this automatic movement. Eight dogs, rather small in height and undistinguishable to a novice. from the commonest hunting dog, went on ahead of us, around us, to right, to left, sniffing the air, hesitating, running, taking up again the scent or losing it.

The storm had ceased on the preceding evening, and the morning, after so many days of torrentlike rain, was made lovely by a humid, brilliant luminosity. Although the forest roads passed through a sandy country which had already swallowed up almost all the rain, there had failen so much that the low lying portions were still full. The tiniest of the water courses which descended toward the neighboring river had overflowed, and we had almost constantly to clear some brook transformed into a pond, in which our horses bathed close

up to the chest. Almost continually also we had to leap over trunks which strewed the road. In the great forests of Georgia and of Florida the negroes are accustomed to draw the resin from the pitch pines by notching them. The notch they cut is so deep that a wind storm of ever so small force is quite sufficient to break the tree, and a veritable tempest had been unchained upon al the region during the last two days.

"The negroes call these fallen trees 'hurricanes,' " said the Colonel in explanation of this newly felled mass, an explanation which, however, did not account for the old, for this rotting in the soil of innumerable stumps, between which grew a rich, thick vegetation consisting of tiny palms, showing themselves bravely or lying crushed to the earth. Out of this carpet of large flat leaves sprang great honeysuckles and flowers such as I had admired the other afternoon, a pellmell mixture of pink and white, a pink that was so fresh and yellow jasmines were interlaced in the trees. Violets as large as pansies peeped out among the grass. The barking of the dogs, who were now following the trail, commenced to fill this spring landscape with a clamor that was exceedingly fantastic to me.

Not being charged with the civic duties whose trace I could see printed upon the faces of the horsemen, who were now walking their steeds, their bridles twisted round their wrists, their eyes wide open and their rifles in their hands, I had time to dream, and I was oppressed with the thought that the ardent appeal of those ferocious animals was being listened to with terror by seven or eight unfortunates crouched motionless in the woods, or perhaps crushing in their furious course similar flowers to those which surrounded me; casting the branches to one side with frenzied arms; breathless with fear and panting with fatigue.

At this moment the pack, which had again been hesitating, took off along a cross road with such fury that they were soon lost to our view. The Colonel halted us all. He listened for a few moments with the close attention of an old warrior accustomed to interpret distant

"The dogs have stopped," he said at last. "They have got one of them. We had better spread ourselves out fanlike in order to surround them and the

Acting upon his instructions, the little troop disappeared in a few seconds among the trees. I saw the norsemen, one after another, drive deeper into the gloom, the bridles hanging free now and the rifles ready for use. The shrewd, intelligent horses appeared to have a genuine instinct to go in the right direction. The horsemen had merely to press with one of the large wooden stirrups, decorated with leather, in which the foot was fixed in the Mexican manner, and the knowing animal turned, passing, with sure and firm tread, through the pools of water and crossing the obstacles formed by large fallen trees, which were on every hand, without even brushing them with the hoof. The Colonel and I remained alone. We began to advance in the direction whence came the barking. We had not ridden in this way more than two hundred yards before we had to slacken our pace. The river, one of these little water courses almost without name of which hundreds flow in that region, and which are about as big as the Adige or the Po, had overflowed its banks. Its muddy waters flooded the portion of the forest where we were now marching. The Colonel went on in front of me. "I know the route a little," he said, "and there's less chance of me letting

my horse break its legs in some hole." I could see him about a neck in advance of me, his body so supple, notwithstanding his age, upon his rather heavy steed. Now and again he would turn and stoop as though to gather in | "He's going to escape," said the one of his ears the full significance of the disturbance coming from the place toward which we were riding. I could see his profile at such times, a resolute, serious profile, but wearing an expression of sadness that I was beginning to read both by the light of the hotel keeper's indiscretions and by that given me by his own character. At that very moment, engaged in doing his duty as a good citizen in hunting down a brigand, he could see again without doubt that same brigand, just as he was when in his service, a mere boy, almost a child. The contrast was too great between the day that he had discharged Seymour from his house after a first escapade and the present time, when he was conducting a troop charged with the duty of tracking his old servant, now an abominable malefactor, through these inundated woods. With the idea of responsibility proper to the old Puritan. it was impossible that the Colonel should not contrast these two episodes, impossible that he should not say to him-

self, "I might perhaps have averted this destiny if I had been less severe." I could read the cares of a troubled conscience upon that strong physiognomy, side by side with the natural tension of the soldier lying in ambush. All at once this double expression on the martial visage became more intense. The Colonel again stopped his horse, his hands again gripped his rifle, which he placed to his shoulder with a terrible slowness. I stooped almost to the neck of the animal, and there through the foliage of the pitch pines I could see the shore of the river, recognizable in this enormous flood only by the sudden absence of vegetation. I could see the dogs swimming upon the sheet of reddish hued water. I could see their three wide open jaws collected threateningly round the head of a man. With one arm the unfortunate creature was swimming, with the other he held a pistol out of the water. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, he advanced, fighting against the current and trying to reach a submerged bridge, of which the iron cable was still visible five or six metres away. It was the only chance that he had of crossing that terrible river. You could measure the force of its current by the tree trunks which went drifting by. It was a miracle that the swimmer had not been struck by one of them; a miracle that he had gained the little distance he did. He must have been fighting in this way a long time, and yet he did not lose courage. When the pack surrounded him too closely, terribly united and howling, but without biting him, he would strike at the muzzles of the dogs with the butt end of his revolver. The furious blow would drive back the living barrier of implacable jaws and would thus leave him sufficient room to enable him to make a little more headway. It was easy to

see that he was keeping his weapon in-

WE EXCLUDE NONE

Take your choice henceforth of the finest Overcoat, Ulster or Suit of Clothes, at No. 10 West Washington street, and if you select a 30-dollar garment it's just the same. We are bound to get rid of them, and even selecting the very costliest, it will cost you now

Only \$12.50

he was compelled to abandon his one hope of safety.

There was in this desperate combat against such opposing forces, against the elements, against animals, against men, something so courageous and so hopeless that it oppressed the heart. We were so close to the man that I could see with extreme clearness the expression on his visage. It was a mulatto's face, more yellow than brown, a nearer neighbor of white blood than the negro's. His hair was not kinky, it was even hardly curly. The nose, instead of being flat, was aquiline. What family had bequeathed such an aristocratic mask to this robber, this murderer? From whom had this Henry Seymour descended? For it was Seymour. If any doubt had remained in my mind after the description the hotel keeper had given me, the Colonel's agitation would have dissipated it. His rifle continued to remain at his shoulder, but his finger did not press the trigger. Even had it touched it it is not probable that the ball would have struck the mark, so great was the trembling of the old man's arm, now that he was aiming at his old servant. Finally the rifle barrel was raised without his having fired, and I heard Mr. Scott say aloud, just as though he had been alone:

"No, I cannot shoot him so." He then spurred up his horse. The water was so deep now that the Colonel was in it to above the knee. He could go no further without swimming, but he was upon the edge of the forest and there were no trees before him. He cried out and the swimmer turned. I saw the revolver that the fugitive continued to hold out of the water aimed at the Colonel, and then begin to rise just as the Colonel's rifle had done. Seymour had recognized Mr. Scott and he did not fire. This hesitation to commit murder was so completely unexpected in a professional assassin and under such circumstances that even at that moment and in the fever caused by such an adventure I could not help feeling some astonishment. The man must have felt for his master a very strange sentiment of veneration to refuse to fire, he a man, who had already spilled so much blood. Or could it be that he had seen the Colonel's gesture of a few moments ago, and, being certain that he would not fire, did he think it was useless to waste one of his five shots? Or again, could it be that this excellent marksman recognized the impossibility of aiming accurately while swimming as he was? I shall never know the secret motive that prompted this scene, which passed with such

tragic rapidity. Standing up in his stirrups, thus making a still more prominent target of his huge frame, the Colonel cried with a voice that dominated the furious barkings of the dogs, the tumult of the

water and the rustling of the forest: "Come, Henry, my boy, you see it's no use. You'll have to give up. There are seven other rifles after you, and they'll be here in five minutes." The man shook his head without re-

plying. Then, as though the presence of his enemies had given him a new force, he fired at one of the dogs with the muzzle close to the animal, which howled with pain, making the others hang back. Then judging that his weapon could not serve him any longer, he let it drop in the water in order to dive and swim with both arms.

Colonel, whose clear eyes became fixed.

He again shouldered his rifle, and I

felt that this time he would not hesitate. This heroic effort of citizenship was, however, spared him. When Seymour's head came up in the river he was quite close to the bridge, sufficiently close, in fact, to seize the cable. In another moment we saw him dive and reappear on the other side of it. Perhaps if he had once got upon the bridge and had recommenced diving while walking he might have succeeded in escaping. But the instinct to stretch his limbs after such an effort made him stand erect the instant he felt his feet posed upon the planks. His chest appeared above the water, and at the same moment two shots went off at our right. fired by two of the hunters. One of the balls struck the mulatto in the shoulder, and we saw his arm drop limp and inert. The other crashed against the iron cord of the cable. It glanced off and struck the fugitive in the head. He raised his unwounded hand to his forehead and then reeled. The few movements that he made to grasp anew the iron cable formed simply a convulsive, instinctive effort. He felt himself fainting and disappeared under the water. But the Colonel had already forced his horse into the stream and had begun swimming. He gained the side of the wounded man, whom he raised with his powerful arm and brought to shore. A quarter of an hour later the entire

troop, attracted by the shots, had assembled with us around the still fainting man. The dogs glided between the legs of the horses, trying to smell and lick the bloody cloths with which Mr. Scott was wiping the two injuries, which were but slight, received by the unfortunate wretch. We learned later that in the hope of putting off his execution he had pretended to be ill, and had refused to eat for several days. That was the real cause of his defeat. Had he been more robust he would not have been so much retarded. He would have crossed the bridge, just as his comrades had done two hours before our arrival, and once in the other part of the forest he would have found, as they did, a line of railroad, and like them, without doubt, would have clambered on to a train in motion, like professional tramps.

I sould add that the assassin being recaptured no lone troubled about the others. Every one felt quite certain that they would not remain in the neighborhood, or even in Georgia. The State had, in fact, got rid of them. "Goodbye, old chums," is the phrase I could imagine the good citizens of Philippeville calling out in cordial adieu had they not been occupied at the moment in caring for their prisoner, of whom they intended to make an instructive example for the benefit of all the colored men of the district.

However, Henry Seymour began to reoperation. But the Colonel has always shopkeepers. Except for their gaiters | tast for a more important occasion if | cover his senses. At the first effort he

made to rise one of the men drew his revolver, while two others seized the wounded man by the legs and tied him firmly. He, however, did not make any fresh attempt at useless resistance. The ball which had glanced off the cable had struck him in the arch of the eyebrow and had cruelly wounded all the left side of the forehead and the eyelid so that only the right eye was capable of being opened. But the furious glance he gave with his unique eye was so ferocious as his gaze wandered around our circle that one of the huntsmen replied to his silent defiance by a phrase spoken involuntarily aloud:

"It's too late, man," he said, simply. Seymour did not appear to have heard him. It was the Colonel he was looking at now, and with quite another expression. The brown pupil had taken on again its look of soft, humid sweetness, a liquid black spot in the white, almost blue sclerotic. I expected to hear some strangely touching phrase from the nature of his regard, but I had misread the animal simplicity of such a nature. All that the wounded man felt in the way of sentiment for Mr. Scott resulted solely in this demand which he addressed to him directly, just as though he would not deign to speak to any one

"Give me something to drink, Colonel; I am so thirsty. Will you not give me

something to drink?"

There was something so coaxing, so almost infantine in the voice with which he spoke to his old master that it recalled the petting of which he had once been the object. Mr. Scott drew a flask from his pocket, uncorked it and put the mouth to the lips of the prisoner, holding up his head as he did so. Seymour swallowed several mouthfuls greedily. His eye began to glisten with a more caressing brilliancy, and with that suppleness of sensations which equals in those singular beings their suppleness of movements, he smiled with pleasure as if he had quite forgotten his rage of only a few minutes ago, his crime of the preceding evening, his wild flight of this morning, his wounds and the certainty of his sinister

used to drink when hunting together," he said, smacking his lips. "He beats everybody, does my Colonel." "And now," responded the latter, 'you're going to be quiet and let me

"Ah, it's the same whisky we

dress your wounds." "Will you give me some more whisky afterward?" asked Seymour.

"Yes, you shall have some." "And one of your cigars, Colonel?"

"And one of my cigars." "All right," said the mulatto, holding out without any resistance, first his head and then his arm. Mr. Scott had brought with him a complete little field case of surgeon's instruments. He displayed in cleaning and binding the two wounds all the skill of an old surgeon, while the soldier in him was displayed in a desire to clear up a certain point

that had remained obscure to him, a desire that made him ask: "How is it that you did not cross the river yesterday?"

"Because we went to the Georgetown bridge, Colonel," replied the other, "and the waters had carried it away. There was only one of two things to be doneeither to descend the river to the Berkeley Farms bridge, twenty miles lower down or to ascend to this one. As we knew the roads better we chose this last route, but we were wrong. How is though, Colonel, that you had an idea we should come in this direction?" "I knew the Georgetown bridge had been carried away," said Mr. Scott, "and I calculated that you would reason exactly as you have done. You said to yourself, 'They don't believe that we would be audacious enough to come so close to the town.' But it's not daring you're short of, Henry, or courage. Now that the dressing is finished, is there anything more I can do for you?" "Send m a bottle of your whisky to

the prison," replied Seymour, "and get permission from the sheriff for me to finish it before I have to swing." (To be concluded next Sunday.) (Copyright, 1894, by James Gordon Bennett.)

In a Department Store. Smith & Grey's Monthly.

"I would like to get some embossed pictures," said Mr. Smythe to the clerk at the book department counter. "We don't keep 'em at this counter. Ask that lady at the wall counter if she has The "lady" at the wail counter didn't have "You'll find them at the stationery coun-

"No; we haven't them," said the lady at the stationery counter. "You'll find them in the artists' supplies department." You go up two flights to the artists' supplies department. "Embossed pictures?" says a third "lady. "We have never kept them in this depart-ment; you'll find them at the scrap-book

Down you go to the scrap-book counter. "What? Embossed pictures? If we have any you'll probably find them where they keep tissue paper and fancy things of that sort, on the next floor. "No, we haven't anything of the sort you are told at the tissue paper counter. "They may have them at the small wares counter downstairs. Ask the "Embossed pictures?" says the floorwalk-"We don't keep 'em, and never have kept 'em;" and you depart from his pres-ence broken and crushed in spirit.

counter on the first floor.'

Cook's Imperial, World's Fair, "Highest award, excellent Champagne; good effer-vescence, agreeable bouquet and delicious

Mercurial Poison

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood dis-orders. The system is filled with Mercury and Pot-ash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease ash remedies—inore to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The most common result is Rheumatism for which S. S. S. is the most reliable cure. A relief where all else has failed. I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to more than twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of limproved rapidly, and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartly recommend your wonderful medicine to anyone afflicted with this painful disease.

W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.
Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed Free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. ATKINS E. C. & CO., Manufacturers and CUT, BAND and all other Belting, Emery Wheels and SAWS Mill Supplies.

Illinois street, one square south Union Station.

BELTING and

W. B. Barry Saw & Supply Co 132 S. Penn. St. All kinds of Saws Repaired.



ABSTRACTS OF TITLE. THEODORE STEIN, Successor to Wm. C. Anderson,

ABSTRACTER OF TITLES

86 EAST MARKET ST. PHYSICIANS.

DR. C. I. FLETCHER. Office Hours—9 to 10 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 p. m., Telephones—Office, 907; residence, 427.

DR. W. B. FLETCHER'S SANATORIUM For Treatment of Nervous and Mental Diseases, 124 NORTH ALABAMA ST.

DR. J. A. SUTCLIFFE, Surgeon.

OFFICE-95 East Market street. Hours-8 to 10 m.; 2 to 3 p. m., Sundays excepted. Telephone 941 DR. BRAYTON.

RESIDENCE—808 East Washington St. House Telephone 1279. Office telephone 1454.

DR. SARAH STOCKTJN, 227 NORTH DELAWARE STREET.

DR. REBECCA W. ROCERS. DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN-OFFICE-19 Marion Block. Office Hours: 9 to 2 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. Sundays: 4 to 5 p. m., at Headence, 440 North Meridian street.

DENTISTS.

E. E. REESE East Ohio St., bet. Meridian and Pennsylvania.

OPTICIANS.

LEO. LANDO. 62 EAST MARKET ST INDIANAPOLIS-IND.

BRASS FOUNDRY AND FINISHING PIONEER BRASS WORKS.

Mfrs. and Dealers in all kinds of Brass Goods, heavy and light Castings. Car Bearing a specialty, pair and Job Work promptly attended to. 11 116 South Pennsylvania st. Telephone 618. SAFE DEPOSITS.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.

Absolute safety against Fire and Burglar. Finest and only Vault of the kind in the State. Policeman day and night on guard. Designed for the safe coeping of Money, Bonds, Wills, Deeds, Abstracts, sil ver Plate, Jewels and valuable Trunks and Paols

S. A. FLETCHER & Safe-Deposit A. Manager. JOHN 8, TARKI

SEALS AND STENCILS. AYER, SEALS, CATALOGUE FREE BADGES, CHECKS &C TEL 1386. 15 S.MERIDIAN ST. GROUND FLOOR

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

From Indianapolis— Louis Accommodation *11:50 am Evansville Express.....

Best Line to Cincinnati We call your attention to our fast morning train with parlor car, which leaves Indianapolis daily at 8:00 a. m. and arrives at Cincinnati at 11:20 a. m. This is the Business Man's Train to Cincinnati.

Cin., Dayton and Lima acc ... 10:50 am

as dan a Express *8:00 am Cin., Vestibule Limited 4:00 pm Cin., Toledo and Detroit 16:30 pm *Daily, †Daily, except ounday.

WINTER TERM OPENS JAN. 2. 45TH YEAR BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

orth Pennsylvania street, opp. P. ., When Block, acknowledged leading Business, Shorthand, Pennship and Preparatory School. Graduates assisted to positions. Call or write for particulars. E. J. Hr.EB, Preprietor. ELI F. BROWN, Superintendent,

President McKenzie, of Culver Military Academy Lake Maxinkuckes, Ind., will be at the Bates House, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 31 and Jan.
1. from 9 to 12 o'clock, and will be happy to
meet his patrons and others having sons of
wards to place in school.